CASANOVA #8

"In Media Res"

Matt Fraction

5.01.07

PAGE ONE

1.1
1/12 PANEL: ON A TV-SCREEN IMAGE OF MARA, she of TEENAGE MUSIC INTERNATIONAL, striking some vogue-ish pop-star pose. Her outfit, some kind of PVC number with zippers and an inappropriate gloss, reveals the bare flesh of her middle, quite round with child. She's pregnant.

1 MARA (w/ music notes) I was seventeen... and I was bad...

1.2
1/12 PANEL: ON A TV-SCREEN IMAGE OF MEI, also of T.A.M.I., also dressed in a manner woefully inappropriate, and also pregnant. She too strikes a preening star pose as she sings:

2 MEI (w/music notes) With the first boy... I ever had...

1.3
1/12 PANEL: ON CASANOVA QUINN. He looks different now. And he looks sick. Really sick. Pale, sunken; he's wearing a paper hospital gown with some dull and dumb little pattern all over it. His chin tucked, he stares AT CAMERA from the tops of his eyes like a character in a Stanley Kubrick film. Unshaven. A mess. This is the sickest, unsexiest, uncoolest we've seen Casanova.

3 CAP (CASS) I think I'm dying.

1.4
1/12 PANEL: ON A TV-SCREEN IMAGE OF MS. SASHA, the last of the T.A.M.I. girls, dressed just as provocatively and just as pregnant as her compatriots.

4 MS. SASHA (w/music notes) Now I'm a woman... and have no doubt...

(CONT'D NEXT)

PAGE ONE, CONTINUED:

1.5
WIDE PANEL: on a HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM. Filled with empty chairs, an empty nurses station, empty vending machines, and loose papers scattered around. The only two things here showing any sort of life is a TV mounted in a corner above the room and, sitting in a chair by a door, an IV DRIP running into his arm, CASANOVA QUINN. He wears a paper hospital gown and sits sickly, as if his spine has been removed.

5 T.A.M.I. (w/notes, from TV) I want you in me... and don't pull oooooout...

6 T.A.M.I. (w/notes, from TV) We're knocked up!... And heading out!...*

7 CAP (CASS) I'm tired of feeling like I'm dying all the time.

8 CAP * "Barely Regal," by Teen Age Music International, 'T.A.M.I.L.F.'

Courtesy SOMA Records.

1.6
1/6 PANEL. ANGLE ON a NURSE sticking her head out of a door and grinning with a preternaturally bright smile. She is a CASANOVA-style nurse, that is to say-- she looks like a nurse from a porno movie.

9 NURSE Benny Alpha?

10 NURSE The doctor will see you now.

1.7
1/6 PANEL. ON CASS, trying his best to smile back.

11 CASS Super.

12 CASS I've been waiting all day for a little intensive care.

PAGE TWO

2.1
CLOSE SHOT on a SCREAMING MAN. His head and neck are restrained by medical devices; he's got a tube in his nose. He's got cuts and blood across his face; tears streak down his face. He's trying to turn his head TO CAMERA but can't-- the result is that only his EYES are facing US. We can detect the presence of an ER TECHNICIAN near him-- maybe we see an arm, a torso, whatever.

1 ER TECH You're lucky you're not paralyzed. Most folks with this much damage usually are.

2 DOCTOR (O.P.) Tragic, isn't it?

2.2
On PANEL RIGHT, sits the grinning DOCTOR KLOCKHAMMER, a non-threatening, balding little man with big glasses and tiny eyes. An attending doctor in the emergency room, Doctor K smiles politely AT CAMERA, not a threatening bone in his body. He sits in a small office, in front of an open door leading to the EMERGENCY TRIAGE UNIT through which we can see the SCREAMING MAN'S drama unfolding over Doctor K's shoulder.

3 DOCTOR K He just lost his wife in a car accident.

4 DOCTOR K I hate working in the ER on Christmas. It can just ruin the holiday for you... accidents, spousal abuse, suicides all shoot through the roof.

2.3
PULL BACK: we see DOCTOR K and the back of CASANOVA'S head. CASS is still hooked up to a SALINE DRIP (but, you know, Casanova-style); the fluid is the color of our spot color. We see the whole of DOCTOR K'S office now, and how small of a room it is.

5 DOCTOR K But that's not why you're here, is it Mr. Alpha?

6 DOCTOR K That's not you, is it?

(CONT'D NEXT)

PAGE TWO, CONTINUED:

2.4
REVERSE ANGLE, on CASANOVA. Our lead character sits at death's door, and death's door is a shitty little triage station in a cheap-ass hospital that smells of piss and diabetics. Screams and cries echo down the corridors, lives end behind flimsy shower curtains...

Make no mistake: this place is hell, and it looks as horrible as Casanova feels.

7 CASS No.

8 CASS That's not me.

2.5
THE DOCTOR, FACING PANEL RIGHT, looks down at a clipboard, bending the top piece of paper so he can see what's underneath. He clicks a clicker pen in one hand absentmindedly.

9 DOCTOR Well then, I'm glad you <u>came in.</u> This isn't the kind of bug that goes away on its own. You're going to need <u>help.</u>

10 DOCTOR We need to keep you here a few days. A week, maybe.

2.6
CASANOVA, FACING PANEL LEFT, looks to the saline drip that stands next to him and runs into his arm.

11 DOCTOR (O.P.) But first we simply <u>must</u> get you <u>hydrated</u>. You're already looking better than when you came in.

12 CASS But I don't <u>feel</u> better. I feel a lot <u>worse.</u>

PAGE THREE

3.1
1/12: ON THE DOCTOR, his back to CAMERA, turning back to look at us as he goes. He's grinning like a sailor on shore leave-- our first hint he's a bad guy.

1 DOCTOR How odd.

2 DOCTOR Well, just keep that drip in. It's <u>really important.</u>

3.2
NARRATIVE CAPTION: THE DOCTOR. Maybe put the twin snakes/pharmacy icon in there?

3 DOCTOR In my experience, people obsessed with the <u>iconography of death</u> have had very little <u>actual experience</u> with death as a <u>transitional event.</u>

They are, in fact, tourists; <u>daytrippers</u> wholly incapable of speaking to the <u>truth</u> of the thing, for they've never <u>known</u> the thing. They've never watched life slip out of a loved one's eyes. They've never heard someone slip away inch by gurgling inch across infinite months of sickness and waste. Their phones never <u>rang</u> at <u>four in the morning</u>.

My wildly controversial approach to <u>medicine</u> aims to change all that.

3.3
1/12: DETAIL SHOT on the bag of saline... the fluid inside glowing, shifting about turbulently... there's something un-good about the solution inside, of this we have no doubt...

4 DOCTOR (OP) It's the only thing keeping you <u>alive</u> right now, Mr. Quinn.

3.4
NARRATIVE CAPTION: THE DOCTOR, smacking his forehead.

5 DOCTOR Ahhhh, shit.

(CONT'D NEXT)

PAGE THREE, CONTINUED:

3.5
CASS rises, hunched over, weak. He stares at the solution with ferocious intensity as he takes the bag off of its mooring...

6 CASS Alpha.

3.6
ON THE MOLECULES inside the saline solution, poisonous and bleak, churning in the fluid around them. Just on sight we recognize these things as wicked and evil.

7 CASS (O.P.) I said my name was Benny Alpha...

3.7
WIDE PANEL: CASS whips the bag of saline out towards the DOCTOR, using it as a weight at the end of a long coil of tubing that wraps around the DOCTOR'S NECK. The DOCTOR brings his hands up to try and get air but the tubing is coiled tight like a noose.

Behind them, we see the PORNO NURSE carrying a cafeteria tray covered with doses of pills in little cups, eyes bugging out at the sight of the Doctor being attacked.

8 CASS Dokkktor Klockhammer!

PAGE FOUR

4.1
THE HOT NURSE smashes the cafeteria tray against the back of CASANOVA'S head, shattering it and sending pills everywhere like confetti. CASS takes the blow hard, releasing his grip on the saline tubing; the DOCTOR pulls the cord from around his neck, taking in a big gulp of air.

NO DIALOGUE

4.2
CASS delivers a profoundly gender-neutral back-kick to the NURSE'S GUT, sending her flying backwards with tremendous velocity. In the FOREGROUND we see the DOCTOR pulling some kind of strange gun from his waistband...

NO DIALOGUE

4.3
ON THE DOCTOR, now holding the GUN towards CAMERA. We see it's got a vial of liquid on top and strange coils running up and down the barrel... it looks like some kind of super-hypodermic injecting gun. Behind him, from where the SCREAMING MAN was, the ER TECHS rush in.

1 DOCTOR — I'm a <u>real doctor</u>. <u>And</u> a <u>lawyer.</u> You can't stop me.

2 DOCTOR — Death will always need those of us <u>bold enough</u> to keep our hands upon its till. My plague is a <u>blessing</u> unto you.

4.4
ON CASANOVA, taking a kung-fu ready stance, preparing for the imminent combat.

3 CASS — Only a boring madman like <u>you</u> mistakes cruelty for courage. Look into my eyes, Klockhammer. Riddle me this:

4.5
WIDE PANEL. CASS raises his arms up, sending a cascade of CROWS exploding out from within; a cloud of feathered wings and ink gobbles up the DOCTOR and his ER TECHS like a tornado.

4 CASS — <u>What thing can kill me?</u>

PAGE FIVE

5.1
CASS' POV: THE BIRDS engulf the ER TECHS but ignore THE DOCTOR, who hunches over, covering his head and bending over, trying to protect himself from his imminent doom.

1 DOCTOR AAAAAAAAAAAAAA--

5.2
FIXED POV: the TECHS are gone now and only the DOCTOR remains. He looks UP at CAMERA a little bit, unsure as to why he's not been destroyed.

2 DOCTOR I-- I'm not--

5.3
ON THE DOC. Sniveling.

3 DOCTOR I'm not dead?

5.4
CASANOVA leaps into the air a little bit and heads TOWARDS US on the attack. Speed lines, action! The adrenaline has brought him back to life... his forearm across the Doctor's neck as he smashes him back into a wall that explodes into bits of drywall upon impact.

4 CASS No one every really dies.

5.5
ON CASS, choking the life right out of the DOCTOR with his bare hands.

5 CASS We're all just becoming <u>free</u>.

6 CASS Can you feel it, Doc?

5.6
ON THE DOCTOR, his eyes rolling back into his head, tongue poking out. All of the blood vessels in his eyes and face pop like fireworks.

7 DOCTOR ...yessss....

PAGE SIX

6.1
PULL BACK. CASS, slumped, letting his head hang for a moment as he tries to catch his breath as the DOCTOR'S body falls.

1 CAP (CASS)	Some things you do for money.

6.2
ON THE SCREAMING MAN, in his gurney still, looking AT CAMERA with abject terror. A BLACK CROW sits on the head of his bed, maybe two or three more at the foot... wherever you can fit them.

2 CAP (CASS)	Some things you do for love.

6.3
SIMILAR to 6.1, but punch in TIGHTER on CASANOVA as he turns his head TO CAMERA.

3 CAP (CASS)	...

6.4
SIMILAR TO 6.4, but punch in TIGHTER on the SCREAMING MAN as he begins to panic-- hoses and tubes running out of his nose, cuts all over, bandages and headgear, etc.

4 MAN	...

6.5
WIDE PANEL. ANGLE DOWN ON THE SCREAMING MAN'S BED as CASANOVA stands over him, placing a gentle hand on the MAN'S CHEST. It's an unmistakable gesture of mercy. All around them the triage unit lies in ruins; the CROWS take flight.

5 CAP (CASS)	Suppose this is both.
6 CASS	I'm so sorry for your loss.

PAGE SEVEN

7.1
WIDE PANEL: OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL NOW as CASANOVA talks into a communication device, his hospital gown whipping in the wind.

Behind him, FIRE AND SMOKE pours out of every single window that makes up the medical complex-- CASS destroyed it, and all of the suffering souls trapped inside.

1 CASS This is Agent Casanova Quinn of E.M.P.I.R.E.-- Mission accomplished. Dokkktor Klockhammer is out of commission.

7.2
ON CASS, turning back to look at the burning building over his shoulder.

2 CASS I need immediate exfiltration.

7.3
FIXED POV: CASS falls out of frame, passing out from exhaustion.

3 CASS An' I think I've prolly been poisoned or somethin'...

7.4
WIDE PANEL: OVERHEAD, angling down on CASANOVA, lying nearly spread-eagled on the ground outside of the burning hospital, rambling along to anyone that may or may not be receiving him as his consciousness slips away...

LETTERING NOTE: GIVE CASS WOOZY BALLOONS/TAILS/LETTERS HERE.

4 CASS I demand a week onna beach an'... beautiful women running to and fro, dammit.

5 CASS I'm an... E.M.P.I.R.E.* agent... these are my rights an' privileges...

6 CASS I could go for, like, 200cc's of... fuckin' awesome... injected in'ta my heart...

7 CASS Stat.

8 CAP * EXTRA-MILITARY POLICE, INTELLIGENCE, RESCUE, and ESPIONAGE!

PAGE EIGHT

8.1
WIDE PANEL: MATCHING SHOT. Only now CASANOVA lies on a long beach chair, shirtless and fit, sunglasses on and a beatific smile on his face. It looks like he's alone on a beach somewhere tropical and perfect. A cellphone, some comics, and a drink sit next to him.

1 CASS Ahh. This is more like it.

2 CASS Let the healing begin.

8.2
1/12: CLOSE ON CASS, smiling to himself, breathing in the heavenly air. THIS is our Casanova, not the sick, sad man of that first scene.

NO DIALOGUE

8.3
1/12: FIXED POV on CASS as a BERSERKO-shaped shadow falls over him. He raises his shades and looks off-panel...

3 CASS Ruby, babe, you make a better door than window.

8.4
1/6: ON RUBY BERSERKO: smiling, happy... wearing an itsy-bitsy teeny-weeny polkadot bikini.

4 RUBY And if you were to open me, Casanova Quinn, what do you think you'd find?

5 CAP (ARROW) Ruby Berserko. Casanova's mistress of intel and ops planning.

(CONT'D NEXT)

PAGE EIGHT, CONTINUED:

8.5
WIDE PANEL, showing us we're not just on some beach; we're under a kind of glass geodesic dome atop an E.M.P.I.R.E. spacefrigate. We can see the SUN burning bright in the heavens and the rim of EARTH below, surrounded by infinite stars... CASS has been soaking up some rays straight from the source. Around he and RUBY are other E.M.P.I.R.E. agents on leave/break/r&r... they're in a kind of artificial topiary, filled with sand and palm trees and odd hydroponic machines that keep everything properly hydrated. If cruise ships sailed in the upper atmosphere, they'd look something like this.

6 CASS Inside of you surely hides all of the stars in the sky and the angels in heaven.

7 RUBY I bet you say that to all the girls.

8 CASS As early and as often as I can.

9 SFX (from phone) doot doot. doot doot.

PAGE NINE

9.1
1/12: CASS holds his phone to his ear, plugging his other ear with a finger.

1 CASS Shlomo! Gimme-gimme-gimme some good times.

9.2
1/6: CUT TO CASS' apartment in Paris that we last saw in CASANOVA #1. Everything is being boxed up carefully or moved out of the space by MOVERS. In the FOREGROUND, talking on a cellphone, is a tall, lanky guy in a skinny suit & tie called SHLOMO ROMAN.

2 CAPTION The man I've put in charge of selling my old Paris place and moving my stuff inside the head of a giant robot:

3 SHLOMO Baby, I got 'em up to 1.8 by dropping your name. Apparently you saved a cruise ship they were on from pirates once? And I think maybe you banged the wife?

4 CAPTION Shlomo Roman: Unreal Estate Agent.

9.3
1/12: ON CASS, laughing a little bit.

5 CAPTION I have no clue what he's talking about.

6 CASS Sounds like something I'd do. How's it going?

(CONT'D NEXT)

PAGE NINE, CONTINUED:

9.4 & 9.5
OK, so these are two panels, but I want them to look like one long one, divided in the middle by a crackling bolt of energy. So on PANEL LEFT, THE MOVERS head thru the Paris apartment towards PANEL RIGHT where the energy barrier waits for them. On PANEL RIGHT we're in Kleptomik, where RUBY SEYCHELLE, in a French maid's outfit, points to somewhere off-panel.

One MOVER heads into the barrier in 9.4 and just emerges through it on 9.5, half in each place at once.

7 SHLOMO This teleportation thing is hot, son. You say this is military tech? I can't use one full-time? Because my transportation bills would vanish and I could afford to take out all these gorgeous Parisian girls you're leaving behind.

8 RUBY S Just go ahead and put those boxes anywhere.

9 CAP Ruby Seychelle. Casanova's major-domo. Also? A robot.

9.6
BEHIND CASS, angling on THE PROJECTED, HOLOGRAPHIC HEAD of CORNELIUS QUINN bursting forth out of thin air between them, a kind of emergency visual broadcast that sends CASS and RUBY scrambling. CASS holds the phone away from his ear.

10 CASS Shlo', I gotta call you back...

11 CORNELIUS Casanova! Ruby Berserko!

12 CORNELIUS We've had a breakthrough in our pursuit of the H-Element and I need your team to assemble on Bravo Deck immediately!

13 CAP Cornelius Quinn. Supreme Director of E.M.P.I.R.E. Kind of a drag.

PAGE TEN

10.1
WIDE PANEL: We're inside of an E.M.P.I.R.E. Briefing Room now; CASS and RUBY B. rush in to join CORNELIUS and SABINE SEYCHELLE (running the meeting), and KAITO (on the other side of the table), all of them wearing E.M.P.I.R.E. uniforms, all of them already seated. An array of screens behind them projects blueprint images of the hospital, of an H-Element Generator, and of an experimental AIRCRAFT.

1 CORNELIUS It was worse than we thought-- Klockhammer was using the electromagnetic supercharge released upon dying to power an experimental H-Element generator.

2 SEYCHELLE And the only reason he'd be developing an experimental generator would be that a practical one already exists.

3 CAP Sabine Seychelle. Robot manufacturer turned E.M.P.I.R.E. Tech and Strategy Designer. Chaotic-good.

10.2
ON CASS and RUBY B. as CASS holds up a document for each of them to read. Some of RUBY'S eyes stare at the pages, others at the screens around them.

4 RUBY Then we're absolutely certain *X*.S.M. has operational H-Element tech?

5 CASS And they've moved on to H-Element applications?

10.3
ON SABINE SEYCHELLE, looking down over his huge glasses with a grin--his transition from bad guy to good guy seamless and complete.

6 SEYCHELLE As incredible as it sounds-- absolutely. Rooting through Klockhammer's servers we came up with this little bit of terrific that's sure to haunt your nightmares...

7 SEYCHELLE We'd thought the future of aircraft would be all mechanical but we've found plans for a manned craft, meaning we change the hypothesis-- apparently human intuition simply can't be replicated.

(CONT'D NEXT)

PAGE TEN

10.4
ON A BLUEPRINT for a one-man AIRCRAFT. It's small, big enough for a person to sit in but nothing else. Its wings are reversed, jutting forward like a crab's pincers; other than that, go nuts with the design. Like a torpedo, hand-glider, and cannon all in one.

8 SEYCHELLE (OP) *X.S.M.** has been been contracted by M.O.T.T.** to develop an experimental personal assault aircraft that runs off of H-Element Drives. And if it's M.O.T.T., it means this is what's next.

9 CAP * *X*. Super Mechanix.

10 CAP ** ???

10.5
ON SEYCHELLE and CORNELIUS. CORNELIUS, seated, points a finger across the table, giving the orders to strike. SEYCHELLE stands behind him, arms folded.

11 CORNELIUS This aircraft must not be built.

12 SEYCHELLE Ruby, you'll work OPS with us; Cass and Kaito, you're the ground team. You think you can handle it?

10.6
ON CASS, looking at KAITO with pride, and KAITO, grinning with the utmost confidence.

13 KAITO I love my job.

14 CAP Kaito Jenkins. Junior Agent, Casanova's sidekick. Crazy kung-fu.

PAGE ELEVEN

11.1
ON A NATURE SCENE-- snowy mountains in the distance giving way to hills, hills peppered with trees, and we look at two trees in particular. Everything is lifeless here now, covered in snow.

NO DIALOGUE

11.2
SIMILAR SHOT: only one of the two trees has been cut down to its stump. There’s more snow, even more than before.

NO DIALOGUE

11.3
FIXED POV: the snow, starting to melt, showing patches of Earth beneath it.

NO DIALOGUE

11.4
FIXED POV: the tree starts to bud as the grass starts springing to life. In the distance we see there is less snow on the mountaintops. Spring has sprung, or springs very slowly.

NO DIALOGUE

11.5
FIXED POV: the same shot, but at night. Fireflies speckle the scene.

NO DIALOGUE

11.6
FIXED POV: now it’s day, and an E.M.P.I.R.E. agent goes running by for dear life, splashing in puddles that litter the muddy ground around him.

1 AGENT Shit shit shit.

2 AGENT <u>Mayday!</u>

PAGE TWELVE

12.1
The AGENT'S BOOT splashes violently into a puddle. The ground around it pocks with machine gun fire, spitting mud up with every puckered impact.

1 AGENT	Mayday mayday!

12.2
ON THE E.M.P.I.R.E. AGENT as he runs, cloaked head to toe in E.M.P.I.R.E. gear. Even a MASK covers the agent's face. He runs as hard and as fast as he possibly can.

2 AGENT	It's all gone tits-up down here, Ruby--

12.3
BEHIND THE AGENT we see that EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT is not experimental at all, but rather incredibly functional and entirely lethal. It swoops down AT CAMERA, firing perfect bursts of bullets at its target.

3 SFX	pookapookapookapookapookapook

12.4
ON RUBY BERSERKO, in some kind of strange cockpit somewhere. She's surrounded by dials and gauges and levers and buttons, each of her little hands furiously occupied.

4 RUBY	Keep-- ahh-- keep moving for a minute.

5 RUBY	I'm working on something here.

12.5
THE AGENT keeps running as shit explodes all around him; he's drawing his sidearm as he goes.

6 AGENT	Take your time, Ruby.

7 AGENT	It's not like I got anything <u>better to do.</u>

12.6
THE AGENT spins around and opens fire at the aircraft, empty shell casing spitting out of the chamber of his sidearm.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE THIRTEEN

13.1
ON THE E.M.P.I.R.E. AGENT'S mask; in the reflection of the visor we see the aircraft on a collision course.

1 AGENT Wellllll...

2 AGENT That didn't really work.

13.2
THE AGENT dives out of the way as the AIRCRAFT swoops down, literally inches over his head, and strafes the ground all to hell as it passes.

3 AGENT Ruby!

4 AGENT Godammit!

13.4
ON RUBY BERSERKO, wherever she is, as she looks into a kind of periscope deal. RUBY SEYCHELLE, behind her, looks over RUBY to see the control panels herself.

5 RUBY S. We're all set down below.

6 RUBY B. Okay-- well-- well this is the first time I've ever done this. Hold on, okay?

FRACTION'S NOTE, POST-PUBLICATION: I fucked up. I fucked this up. Ruby Seychelle should've been the pilot; Ruby Berserko should've been observing. I want to have this fixed for publication of the collection. Sloppy, tired, bad, dumb. Sorry.

13.5
RUBY S. kisses her sister on the cheek.

7 RUBY S. I always believed in you.

(CONT'D NEXT)

PAGE THIRTEEN, CONTINUED:

13.6
ANGLE ON KLEPTOMIK, right where we last saw it, as the water around it begins to boil. The ARMS of the mighty robot begin to move, a half-century's worth of dust, dirt, and crud creaks and spills out of its joints.

8 RUBY B. (inside K)   All E.M.P.I.R.E. stations be advised:

9 RUBY B. (inside K)   Kleptomik is online and operational.

10 CAP   Kleptomik or, depending on who says it, Cryptomech. The giant Japanese Robot from World War II where Casanova lives.

PAGE FOURTEEN

14.1
ON THE AGENT, wherever the hell he is, holding a finger to the side of his mask/helmet, as if to make sure he's hearing what he's hearing properly.

1 AGENT No shit?

2 RUBY B (from helmet)No shit.

14.2
THE AGENT reloads his weapon, jamming a clip into the gun's handle and looking back over his shoulder.

3 AGENT How long do you think until you're--

14.3
THE AGENT runs for dear goddamn life, as the AIRCRAFT, firing, charges back at him again and, behind it, we see KLEPTOMIK as it literally rockets onto the scene.

4 AGENT No. Way!

14.4
ON KLEPTOMIK, specifically on its HEAD and SHOULDERS as it flies like some kind of friendly Japanese robot superman.

5 RUBY B (inside K) Intercept imminent.

6 RUBY B (inside K) We're locking on to the target now--

14.5
KLEPTOMIK's many panels and plates recede or open up revealing a truly staggering array of weapons-- guns, missiles, you name it-- all open fire en masse. In the blink of an eye he's gone from friendly Japanese robot superman to wicked Japanese apocalypse deathbot.

7 RUBY B (inside K) FIRE!

14.6
On the AIRCRAFT as it's beaten to shit by the battery from KLEPTO, absolutely shattered. Shots pierce the thing through and through, explode on its surface, tearing its wings apart...

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE FIFTEEN

15.1
THE AGENT runs as the AIRCRAFT crashes directly behind him and starts to skid, cleaving the earth all around like a hellbound snowplow and heading towards the AGENT like a rocket.

AGENT Shit shit shit shit--

15.2
THE AGENT sprints TO CAMERA as the AIRCRAFT screeches to a halt behind him, massive piles of earth on either side of it... the thing has displaced tons and tons of dirt.

AGENT <u>Shit--</u>

15.3
THE AGENT covers his head, as if in a duck-and-cover movie from the fifties, as he braces for impact.

AGENT (small) I regret nothing!

15.4
FIXED POV: The AGENT has survived. He looks behind him to make sure.

NO DIALOGUE

15.5
WIDE PANEL: THE AGENT now stands before the mighty, fallen AIRCRAFT and points his gun at it. The aircraft burns, smokes, smolders, and in all other ways looks dead the way only a shot-down aircraft can look. THE AGENT addresses the AIRCRAFT'S cockpit.

AGENT All <u>right</u> then!

AGENT Not so tough when my fucking <u>robot</u> wants to start some shit, are you?!

PAGE SIXTEEN

16.1
ON THE AGENT as he reaches around with his free, not-holding-a-gun hand, and pulls his mask off... we still can't see his face...

AGENT I've been waiting two years to ask you sons of bitches this question:

16.2
As the cockpit opens/disengages/expands, THE AGENT holds his gun at whomever is inside. With his mask off we see he's...

Kaito. A little older, and a little angrier. But definitely Kaito, and not Casanova.

KAITO When is Casanova Quinn?

16.3
GIANT PANEL: inside the womblike cockpit of the Aircraft sits SASA LISI. The cockpit's insides are covered in fur, there are no right edges anywhere... the whole thing looks soft, plush. There are dials and gauges and the like but they're all oval-shaped and curvy. Hoses dangle to and fro, and smoke/steam/vapor rises outwards into the air.

The pilot's seat is a kind of beanbag chair, formless and furry, it's low to the ground and seems more appropriate for lying in while smoking hash than piloting an aircraft. This is where Sasa sits, cross-legged. If we see her feet, she wears big Harajuku socks and Converse All-Stars.

Sasa, it should be mentioned, has six arms, Shiva-like, each one engaged in a different task-- holding a weapon, holding a cigarette, adjusting dials, etc. (These arms are not necessarily permanent fixtures, but the aircraft requires six arms to fly it, so here she has six arms. When we see her next issue? Back to two.) She wears a single-piece jumpsuit with more holes than a designer slice of Swiss cheese. The collar, wrapped with fur, is so low cut that the front runs in a V down to just above her pubis. It's an open and wide enough V so as to reveal her nipples. Holes are cut along the calves and thighs; she wears a black choker around her neck and as deep, black eyes, which she narrows to regard us with a mixture of suspicion and curiosity. They are filled with stars.

Her hair explodes in loping coils all around her from beneath a cowboy hat.

There is nothing about Sasa that you don't want to touch.

SASA Hiyah, Earthman.

SASA I was just about to ask you the same question...

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